

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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## Deceived

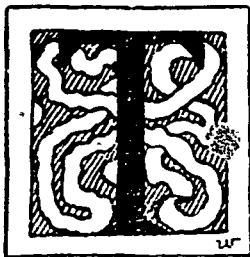
T. P. IRVING, '04.

ALWAYS waiting, always anxious,  
For the things before us yet,  
And the duties that are present,  
These, alas! we quite forget.

Always searching, always reaching,  
That we may some phantom clasp,  
And we miss the hidden beauty  
That abides within our grasp.

James Crichton "the Admirable."

STEPHEN F. RIORDAN, '04.



HE recent performance in Paris by an American dramatic company of a play entitled "The Admirable Crichton," recalls to mind probably the most notable example of precocity on record. History and literature are replete with instances of youthful achievement; Alexander the Great at the age of thirty was sighing for new worlds to conquer; Abraham Cowley was widely known as a poet at fifteen; Thomas Chatterton, before his career was ended by his own hand in his seventeenth year, had committed literary forgeries which deceived even the ablest critics of his time; Shelley while yet a schoolboy had written two romances; no poet in the whole range of literature at the age of twenty-four has rivalled compositions of Keats; but more wonderful than these is the case of James Crichton—master of arts at fourteen, and at the age of seventeen skilled in all the social accomplishments of the day, master of the

whole circle of sciences and with a fluent command of ten languages.

James, surnamed "the admirable," son of Robert Crichton, Lord-Advocate of Scotland in the reign of James VI., and, on his mother's side, descended from a line of Scottish kings, was born at Elliock, Scotland, August 21, 1560. He received a common-school education at Perth, and at the age of ten was sent to St. Salvator's College, St. Andrew's University, then reputed the best school of philosophy in Scotland. Rutherford, Buchanan, Hepburn and Robertson are mentioned by Aldus Manutius as eminent scholars who taught at St. Andrew's and who were the masters of young Crichton. The zealous application, the facility in learning and the memory of the youthful collegian were little short of marvellous. At the age of twelve he received the degree of bachelor of arts, at fourteen graduated as a master; and although the youngest of all he was esteemed the third scholar in the university.

When seventeen years of age a quarrel with his father, who had become a Protestant, drove him to France, and he arrived in Paris about the end of the year 1557. Here, according to Sir Thomas Urquhart, he determined, as was the medieval scholastic custom, to challenge the philosophers and scholars of the city to a public disputation. He issued placards announcing that on that day six weeks he should present himself at the College of Navarre and "be ready to answer to what should be propounded to him concerning any science, liberal art, discipline, or faculty, practical or theoretic, not excluding the theological or jurisprudential habits, though grounded but upon the testimonies of God and man, and that in any of these twelve languages, Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, Italian, English, Dutch, Flemish and Slavonian, in either prose or verse, at the discretion of the disputant." The six weeks

which intervened between the posting of the notice and the appointed day, he passed in hawking, hunting, tilting, and otherwise occupying himself with the amusements afforded by the gay city. The day set for the trial arrived, and before a crowd of some three thousand students and professors he acquitted himself admirably in a disputation of nine hours with the most learned men, and was presented by the rector with a diamond ring and a purse full of gold. From this time forth he bore the surname, "the admirable." The next day he was victorious over all competitors in a tilting match. He subsequently enlisted in the French army, and having distinguished himself for two years in the civil wars he retired and arrived at Genoa in a destitute condition July of the year 1579.

He addressed the senate of Genoa in a Latin speech, and was well received; but in 1580 he proceeded to Venice, and here by a Latin poem, addressed to Aldus Manutius, secured the friendship of that famous printer and scholar. His first public display was an oration, delivered before the doge and the senate, in which he displayed rare eloquence and grace. On the following days he disputed so ably on subjects of divinity, philosophy and mathematics that he commanded universal attention, and, as Jacques Imperialis says, "was esteemed a prodigy of nature." So high, indeed, did the Venetians rate the young Scotsman's ability that it was considered a great honor to Mazzoni, a most eminent doctor, to have thrice vanquished him in argument. These exertions proved too much for the young man—he was only twenty years of age at this time—and he succumbed to an illness which lasted four months, at the end of which time he retired to Padua. Here Crichton again produced unbounded astonishment by improvising a Latin poem in praise of the city, for six hours disputed with learned men on topics of science, exposed some of the errors of the prevailing Aristotelian philosophy, and extemporized an oration in which he extolled ignorance.

Restored in health he returned to Venice and renewed his wonderful displays of learning. Some one having charged him with being a charlatan, he issued a broad and formal challenge, in which he pledged himself to review the errors of Aristotle and the schoolmen, to allow his opponents to select their topics, and to answer in logical figures in the doctrine of numbers, or in any one of

a hundred kinds of verse. For the space of three days in the Church of St. John and St. Paul the young man sustained his arguments with such ability that he triumphantly vindicated his pretensions to learning, and was said to have received greater praise than was ever before bestowed upon any man. Aldus Manutius, who was present at the last of these contests, styles it a "miraculous encounter."

Flushed with his triumphs at Venice he went to Mantua, and there, is said to have slain in combat one of the most famous gladiators of the time, who had just killed three opponents who had rashly ventured to encounter him. The duke appointed Crichton tutor to his son, a passionate and ungovernable youth, and our hero afterward composed a comedy, in which he represented no less than fifteen different characters and held the stage for five hours. The brilliancy of his attainments made men envious, and he is said to have supplanted the prince in the affections of his mistress, which circumstance accounts for his untimely end and for the prince being responsible for it. One night while the carnival was in progress he was assailed by a small band of masked men. Drawing his sword he defended himself with such skill that he speedily disarmed the principal aggressor and put the rest to flight, whereupon the leader threw off his mask and begged his life. Crichton, seeing that it was his pupil, the son of the duke, fell on his knees and presented his sword to the prince who received it and savagely pierced him through the heart, thus he died at the early age of twenty-three. The lamentations over his tragical end were great and unusual; the court of Mantua mourned for nine months, and the elegies and epitaphs written in memory of him are said to have exceeded in bulk the works of Homer.

Although the four Latin odes and the other few fragments of his compositions which remain do not display any remarkable power, yet there is in them sufficient historical evidence to show that he was a very extraordinary person, skilled in literature, the sciences and every gentlemanly accomplishment.

"It is difficult," says one of his biographers, "to form a just estimate of Crichton's mind and attainments. He was no charlatan, though erudition of any depth, or the fruits of patient study, could not be expected of one of

his years. Others had the same means of education as he had enjoyed, but he stood out among all for the number and variety of his precocious accomplishments. His verses are deficient both in poetry and Latinity, nor does his genius seem to have been equal to his undoubted acquirements. But after all allowances for exaggeration, he must have possessed a remarkable familiarity with all branches of knowledge current and popular in those days, a quick apprehension, a ready and retentive memory, a marvellous promptitude and presence of mind, a boldness arising from his conscious stores and powers, an unlimited command of language in declamation and reply, a fluent mastery of several tongues, along with elegant manners and a graceful figure improved by an eager cultivation of physical games and exercises."

#### The Redemption of Dickson.

ROBERT E. PROCTOR, '04.

Dick Brownson, captain and full-back of the Yale football team, sat in his room in Vanderbilt Hall watching the embers in the fireplace slowly fall to pieces and turn to white ashes. He was thinking of the football game that Yale and Harvard were to play the following Saturday, and as he dreamed of the victory that he felt confident Yale would win, his eyes sparkled and a pleased smile played around his mouth.

Yale, under his leadership, had achieved remarkable success on the gridiron that year, having defeated Columbia, "Old Pennsy" and poor Princeton in turn, and now she was to play the crimson for the championship.

Harvard also had a crack eleven of heavy but fast men, and on paper looked to be the stronger team; but Harvard had no Brownson to kick and no Dickson to hit the line and circle the ends, and Yale placed all her confidence in these two men, the premier players of the year.

Brownson leaned back lazily in his chair, and rested his foot, the injured one, on the iron fire-dog. Thus he sat musing and dreaming for perhaps fifteen minutes, when his thoughts were rudely disturbed by a tall, broad-shouldered chap, with dark hair and eyes, who strode into the room, fiercely slamming the door after him.

"Hello, 'Dix,' saluted the captain with a yawn, "what's the matter?"

"Matter!" grated the other lad dropping into a chair, "I'm dropped."

"Dropped? What—"

"Yes, dropped from the Varsity and relegated to the 'scrubs.'"

Brownson leaped to his feet, forgetting for the moment the injured ankle. He stared at Dickson,—for such was the other fellow's name—with an incredulous look.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. "Why—"

"Bolton did it," snapped the other, rising to his feet. "He took advantage of your absence from practice to-day to throw me down."

"What reason did he give?" asked Brownson, looking straight at his friend.

King Dickson flushed and hung his head.

"He accused me of indifferent work in practice," he said finally. "Said I was breaking training, and told me I either had to keep in trim or quit. I quit, and Bingham, the freshman, was given my place."

"And the Harvard game only a week distant," groaned Brownson. "Oh, King, what did you do it for?"

"I'm in shape, Dick," protested the big half-back. "There's no use of Coach Bolton getting in a stew about me taking a beer once and a while at Morey's or Jackson's."

"I've told you time and again to drop that crowd that frequent Jackson's, or Bolton would drop you. I was a fool for letting you play on the team, when I knew how you broke training. A man can't steam up and expect to play good football."

"Haven't I played a good game?"

"Yes, but not the game you would have played had you kept in perfect shape."

Brownson sank into his chair and stared moodily at his chum. Dickson moved restlessly towards the door.

"Confound it Dick," he growled, "don't look at me like that."

"Poor Yale," sighed Brownson.

"I'm off the team and that's all that's to it," continued King Dickson, "and I won't play in the Harvard game next Saturday, unless—"

"Unless?" repeated the captain.

"Unless Bolton asks me to come back."

"Bolton won't do that unless you promise to do as he tells you. It is necessary for the discipline of the team. Bolton—"

"May go to the devil; and so may you?"

Dickson flung the door wide open, and

despite Brownson's commands to stay, rushed out of the room and down the stairs. And that same night Dickson was brought home from Jackson's in a beastly state of intoxication by a party of his classmates who had found him drinking and carousing with a crowd of sophomores.

Some one informed Brownson of Dickson's condition, and, despite his injured ankle, the Yale captain made his way to Dickson's rooms in North Middle, and after first swearing all the juniors, Dickson's classmates, to secrecy, drove them all out of the rooms and set about aiding his chum to overcome the effects of the liquor.

Neither Dickson nor Brownson appeared at class or on the campus the next day, which was Saturday; but on Sunday afternoon, shortly after dinner, Dickson was seen coming across the campus and making for the junior fence under the elms. Of course he attracted great attention; for the change that had been made in the eleven and Dickson's actions on Friday night were known to all the higher classmen and had aroused much discussion.

Dickson made his way to the fence holding his head high and paying no attention to the stares of the students. He joined the crowd on the fence and they greeted him as if nothing had happened. A silence fell over the juniors after the first greetings, each fellow waiting for the other to ask the question they all feared to ask. Finally, Pomeroy, a great chum of Dickson's, mustered up his courage and hesitatingly put the question: "Are you going to play in the Harvard game, 'Dix'?"

Dickson slowly took his pipe out of his mouth, for he had lighted it on joining the crowd, and glanced at the speaker, while all waited for his reply.

"No!" he snapped forth, and jumping down to the ground, he strode away towards the gym.

"We'll lose sure," moaned Gene Walton, gazing sadly after the retreating figure.

"Poor old Yale," sighed Bill Raymond.

"Poor old Yale," echoed Dick Avery.

And a gloom fell over the Yale campus which none could dispel.

The first half was almost over. Harvard had the ball on Yale's forty-yard line, and was making fierce attacks on the blue's defense, and a touchdown seemed imminent. The crimson banners fluttered in the breeze, and

the west stand was mad with excitement.

Ellison, the Harvard full-back, hurdled the line for another gain. So it went on steadily until Harvard had the ball on Yale's twelve-yard line. First Clarkson and then Carter carried the ball, and then it was down on Yale's five-yard line.

The west stand was cheering, cheering, but the wearers of the blue were silent. Captain Brownson exhorted his men to hold the crimson warriors; and King Dickson from his seat high up in the grand-stand felt the lust of battle upon him, and quivered with excitement as the Yale line crumbled at every assault. Another yard and the ball would be over. Then Blair, Harvard's quarter-back, fumbled the ball, and Rogers, Yale's right-guard, broke through and fell on it, and the wearers of the blue who had feared a touchdown gave a sigh of relief. Brownson dropped back behind the goal posts, and punted to Yale's forty-yard line. Clarkson, Harvard's right half-back and captain, caught the ball, but was downed in his tracks by Cooke, Yale's right end. Then came a quick line up, and first Ellison, and then Clarkson, and then Carter, was put through the line for a gain. Then the Yale line braced and held for downs, and secured the ball on her thirty-yard line.

Now it was Yale's turn. Bingham, the freshman right half-back, was given the ball and he ran around end for six yards. Brownson bucked the line for three more. Laird made two, and Johnson hit tackle for one more. Then Ware, the quarter-back, fumbled. Bingham grabbed up the ball, evaded the clutches of a tackler, and made three yards before being downed. The two teams lined up again. The ball was passed and Brownson went into centre only to be stopped dead in his tracks.

"Third down, one yard to gain!" announced the referee.

Now Yale tried desperately to gain the required yard, and threw big Bingham, the freshman, into tackle. The lines came together with a crash. Farwell, the Harvard left tackle, gave a little; Clarkson and Blair threw themselves into the breach, and Harvard had stopped Yale's fierce attack.

The players got to their feet ready to line up again, just as the whistle piped the end of the half; but Bingham lay where he had fallen, with the ball hugged tightly to his breast. In some manner he had wrenched his ankle, and Brownson and Rogers had to assist him

to the training-quarters of the Yale eleven.

King Dickson sprang excitedly to his feet as he beheld Bingham being helped from the field, and leaped down step after step until he reached the ground below.

"I'll do it," he muttered, as he hastened towards the dressing rooms, the light of a firm resolve in his eyes. He sought Captain Brownson, who was being rubbed down by two of the trainers, and drawing him aside, begged to be taken on in the next half.

"But you—" began Brownson, motioning the trainers aside.

"I haven't touched a drop since last Friday night, and I have worked in the gym every day. Take me on, Dick, Bingham can't play with that ankle."

Brownson looked at Bingham who was having his swollen ankle tended to by a doctor, and going over to head Coach Bolton, earnestly conversed with him. Bolton slowly shook his head, and Dickson seeing this, threw himself upon a bench, and sat there almost disconsolate. Then there was a sudden sharp cry of pain from Jack Bingham's lips, and he was seen to topple over in a faint.

"What's the matter?" asked Bolton, as he sprang to assist the doctor to raise the freshman from the floor where he had fallen.

"He's fainted, sir," replied the doctor. "He can't play in this half."

Bolton straightened up, hesitated a moment, and then turned to Dickson and said:

"Get into a suit, Dickson, and be quick about it."

Dickson leaped to his feet, and then with a glance at Brownson, who smiled encouragingly grasped Bolton's hand and began an apology.

"That's all right," said the coach, heartily. "You can redeem yourself by playing the game of your life, and helping old 'Eli' to win."

"I'll do it!" said Dickson grimly.

Assisted by Johnson and Cooke, Dickson was soon in a suit and ready and eager for the play. Bolton mounted a bench, and spoke a few cheering words to the team, then he called for three cheers for Yale.

How those men did cheer! And the east stand took it up with redoubled energy and drowned out the music of both bands. Then when the Yale players trotted onto the grid-iron, the cheers were redoubled in energy, and every man on the Yale team was nerved to do his best.

Dickson was not recognized until he lined up for the kick-off, and then the Yale men rose in a body, and cheered for the one who had been deposed. Dickson's dark face flushed with pride, and his resolve to play the game of his life became more firm, if that were possible:

The second half was now on, and as Brownson prepared to kick, a silence fell over the multitude. Punk! Away sailed the ball, high in the air. Clarkson caught it on Harvard's ten-yard line, and squirmed and dodged through the Yale line, until he was downed by Dickson on Harvard's thirty-five yard line.

The two teams lined up again. Now the crimson began making fierce assaults on the Yale line, seeking to find a weak spot. They found it between Goodwin and Shelton, and first Ellison, then Clarkson, then Carter tore through the line for big gains. Inch by inch, yard by yard, Yale retreated until finally the ball reached the middle of the field, and the crimson banners rose on high.

"Hold them Yale!" begged Brownson, and leaping into the centre of the scrimmage he tackled Milton and threw him back for a loss of two yards.

"Second down, seven yards to gain," cried the referee, and little Ware slapped Dickson on the back.

"We'll hold them this time," he said, and Dickson nodded his head affirmatively.

The ball was put in play, and then there was a fierce scrimmage out of which Carter shot with the ball hugged tightly to his breast. But Dickson leaped at the runner and tackled fiercely, bringing the crimson player to earth with a thud.

"Third down, five yards to gain," announced the referee, and the Yale stands began to cheer.

"Keep it up, 'Dix,'" said Brownson, slapping Dickson on the back. Dickson smiled grimly, but said not a word.

Ellison, the Harvard full-back, dropped back, and Brownson sped up the field for a punt. The ball was passed. Ellison punted far and high towards the Yale goal, and the players hurried up the field. Brownson caught the ball on Yale's ten-yard line, and punted to the middle of the field. Ellison caught the ball, and was downed in his tracks by Manning, Yale's left-end. And then—the ball flew out of Ellison's arms and Dickson fell on it on Harvard's fifty-yard line. The Yale

cheer pealed forth from ten thousand lusty throats, and the east stand was one mass of waving, fluttering, triumphant blue. Dickson was cheered and cheered again, and responded by ripping through tackle in the very next scrimmage for a gain of three yards.

Now Yale went at Harvard hammer and tongs. She pierced the line and plowed through centre for small but steady gains. Clarkson exhorted his men to hold them.

"Hold them, Harvard, hold them," chorused many anxious wearers of the crimson as they watched the advance of the blue. Then came a stroke of hard luck. Yale made a fierce attack on Harvard's left tackle. The Harvard line braced for the assault. Every player was in that scrimmage, and in the fierce mix-up, Johnson fumbled, and Wylie, Harvard's right end, secured the ball. And across the field rolled the old, old song, from ten thousand Harvard throats:

"Glory, glory to the crimson,  
Glory, glory to the crimson,  
Glory, glory to the crimson,  
For this is Harvard's day!"

And the Yale legions thundered back,  
"Brek-ek-kek-kex, koax, koax!" and then,

"O-o-o-h!  
More work for the undertaker,  
A good little job for the casket-maker  
In the local cemetery they've  
Been very, very busy on a new-made grave,—  
No hope for Harvard!"

Ellison dropped back for a punt. He got the ball off nicely to Ware who was downed on Yale's fifteen-yard line.

Time was rapidly drawing to a close. Would neither side score? Again the two bands of eager players faced each other. Again the crimson retreated, back, back, towards the distant goal. Yale was now playing fiercely, madly, eager to gain the coveted touchdown. Down the field went Yale, a few yards at a time. Harvard was fighting for every foot—every inch. Dickson, with the light of battle in his eyes, was in every scrimmage. All New Haven and Yale were on their feet signifying their approval of him. He hurdled the line, bucked the centre and skirted the ends for good substantial gains. It seemed impossible to stop him. Soon the ball was down on Harvard's fifty-yard line. But one minute was left to play. Brownson debated in his mind whether he should try for a goal from field at that distance,—a forlorn hope—or give the ball to Dickson for a run around end. He

made his decision, and spoke a few words to Ware and Dickson. Both nodded their heads and fell into place behind the line.

"18 9-24-8," signalled the quarter.

The ball came into the ready arms of the half-back. Around the end shot Dickson. Behind the superb interference of Johnson, Brownson and Ware, he escaped Blair and Carter, but Johnson and Ware went down in a heap at the same time, and with Brownson at his side the runner sped on. Ellison was the only man that stood between Dickson and the coveted touchdown, and he was now making for the runner at headlong speed.

"I'll tend to him," muttered Brownson as he swung towards the big full-back. Ellison tried to dodge Brownson, but the Yale captain butted into him with terrible force and both men fell to the ground half dazed. And Dickson with a clear field before him sped on towards the goal posts, while the Yale rooters went wild with delight. But Clarkson, the Harvard captain, the fleetest runner in Cambridge, had shot out of the bunch of players who were stringing along in pursuit, and, with set teeth, and determination written on his face, was fast overhauling the big Yale man.

Then began a race which will always live in the memory of those who saw it. Yard after yard passed under the feet of the runners, and the goal posts loomed nearer and nearer. The fifteen-yard line was passed, then the ten. But Dickson, whose breath was coming short and fast, and whose legs were strained and heavy, felt rather than knew that the Harvard man was gaining, gaining. He faltered, and swayed unsteadily, causing a shout of dismay to go up from the east stand.

Clarkson saw it, and gave vent to an exclamation of triumph. Then he launched himself forward in a flying tackle. His arms closed about Dickson's knees with a firm clasp. Dickson with his eyes upon the white line only a yard away, struggled forward a few inches and then came down with a thud stretching out his hands in which he held the ball, in a last despairing effort to reach that coveted line.

And the ball—well it was a matter of inches; but Harvard never disputed the decision; and if they had, Dickson might not have won his redemption.



Varsity Verse.

A. WISH.

BUILD me a cottage by the sea  
Where I may hear the roar  
Of wild waves dashing bold and free  
Against a rock-bound shore.

The palace halls may others please  
Pillowed in sluggish wealth;  
Give me the bracing salt-sea breeze  
That fills the land with health.

'Tis true that others may delight  
'Mid softer scenes to roam;  
Yet who would crave a grander sight  
Than fronts my cottage home?

The deep broad sea with sunlit waves,  
Each wave a silver chain;  
The beetling cliffs with lonely caves  
Wrought by the restless main,

When rosy from the eastern hills,  
The sun's first rays are seen  
How every wave with rubies fills  
And gems of emerald green.

When soft the surge—ah, then the dream!—  
A cradle in the deep;  
Like lullaby the murmurs seem  
Rocking the sense to sleep.

There, let me sit when sinks the sun  
That gilds the western sky;  
There, dig my grave, my labor done,  
The sea still crooning by.

F. J. B.

ŒDIPUS TO THE SPHINX.

(Trans.)

Man, creature to God's image made,  
On mother's bosom helpless laid,  
Arises shortly on all fours to move,  
Until his limbs and mind do so improve  
That erect he stands with head on high,  
While many years in quick succession fly  
Leaving waste upon an ever-wasting form,  
Which time, disease and ill-spent hours storm,  
Until the poor, bent frame with cane and feet,  
"Plods its weary way" to last retreat.

E. H.

WHAT PITY IS AKIN TO.

Disconsolate across the green  
I saw a maiden slowly faring,  
Alone amid a lovely scene,  
A heavy bag of golf clubs bearing.

In pity then I proffered aid—  
I know 'twas not a sin to—  
But since, I've learned from that fair maid  
What pity is akin to.

S. F. R.

TO A CALENDAR.

Through gaudy sketches and fantastic prints  
Through grotesque figures that do mocking writhe,  
We know thee but another in disguise,  
Old Father Time, the reaper with his scythe.

T. D. L.

Raising the Flag Pole.

MAURICE GRIFFIN, '04.

In one of the universities of the middle West the so-called college spirit is held in great veneration. Many time-honored institutions are calculated to develop this spirit; and for the student to engage half-heartily in any of the "demonstrations" is considered worthy of censure. Not to be present on "college night" shows at the start that you are the wrong sort of stuff; not to partake of the "delivery of the step" is treason to your class; but to fail to take an active part in the annual "rush" warrants expulsion.

This "rush" is held early in the school year. The sophomores make such preparations as are necessary on the evening before the fateful day. They erect a flag pole, and when the sun greets that historic campus it beholds the emblazoned emblems of the sophites flying to the breeze. When once the colors are seen every true freshie is supposed to be inspired with a desire to replace them with the verdant green, the time-out-of-memory color of the incoming class.

At high noon the courage of the freshmen is aroused to such a pitch by juniors and seniors that a grand rush is made; and if the staff and its valiant guards withstand the first attack, the fun is to go merrily on till six in the evening. Again and again the wearers of the green are urged on till either victory or acknowledged defeat crowns their efforts.

Now, it happened that I was entirely ignorant of all this when I entered those classic halls as a freshman on the night before the flag-rush some three years ago. About ten o'clock that night I was visited by a delegation of fifteen or twenty fellows, and very urgently invited to go out with them "just for fun." The boys hardly expected me to go at first, so they came prepared to press their invitation to a request and that request to an urgent demand. Barrel staves and walking sticks were in evidence, and I needed no undue persuasion. Before leaving the room they blindfolded me, and in this condition I was led for perhaps half a mile from the dormitory. When the bandage was removed I found myself in the midst of a crowd of about one hundred and fifty students. While we waited, a number of small parties, each with its captive, joined us. Towards midnight the

band was complete and all was ready for business.

Then I began to see why a number of boys had been forced to join this midnight expedition. We were all freshies and the sophs had brought us out to do the work. Our first task was to carry a large trolley pole to the centre of the campus.

Here picks and shovels were in readiness, and we were set to digging a hole for the pole. After a great deal of hard unnecessary work the pole was planted; first, however, a sheet steel pennant had been welded to the top, bearing the emblem and numerals of the sophomore class. Then as the bonfire blazed high, and the letters stood out against the dark vaults of the sky, a mighty shout went up to greet them, and the class yell rang out—the yell of the “all-wise-fools” whose work had been done by the freshies. Then, in the wee small hours, the “hatchet was buried” by the foes whom the morning sun would separate, and who at high noon would be struggling for mastery; and all reassembled in the dormitory for a little “spread.” How welcome was that truce.

Cider, doughnuts and pumpkin pie were in abundance. As we sat and ate and laughed and talked, we drank in the college spirit. The elder men showed us that, no matter what the impulse of levity does, the spirit of friendship should ever fill the heart of the true college man; and as the strains of “Fair Alma Mater” rang through the room, we became as they would have us, their college men.

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### Three Slips of the Tongue.

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JOSEPH H. BURKE, '04.

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John Hammond came back from his summer's vacation engaged to be married to Miss Mabel Bunnell, the accomplished daughter of the village Methodist minister. Though John was considered a good “catch,” he had one fault that brought him into disgrace with his prospective father-in-law. To emphasize his meaning he was inclined to make use of expressions not found in the dictionary. The Rev. Mr. Bunnell was a Methodist of the severe old type who hated swearing worse than he did a non-church goer. Thus it happened, that when John bravely faced the ordeal of asking for Mabel's hand in marriage, he was summarily dismissed from the house because, in a moment of forgetfulness, he let

drop an innocent little word which quite shocked the good old minister. From that time on John was forbidden to come to the house, and Mr. Bunnell was fully determined that his daughter should seek another partner.

“Mabel,” he said to her one morning, “you know that I have forbidden John to come here again, for I have found him to be an altogether undesirable son-in-law for a minister of the gospel. Now there is the new organist, Mr. Swinton, just home from college, a fine fellow indeed. He has asked for your hand, and since I am fully determined that that rascal John shall never again darken my doors you might as well make up your mind to marry Mr. Swinton.

“Oh, yes, but he is such a stupid fellow and so overbearing! Why, the other day he was going to cane that poor lame little boy that pumps the organ, just because he came a little late. Oh, papa! he isn't anything compared to Jack—and Jack doesn't swear much—and he is such a dear, good fellow, and says he will never swear again.”

“My child, I pity your inexperience. Such habits are not easily broken off, and swearing is an abomination in the sight of the Lord. No, John can't come back here till—until you hear me swear,” and the minister smiled in his self-confidence and cast his eyes piously towards heaven.

For some time Jack and Mabel were quite miserable, though they managed to arrange a stolen interview occasionally. Mabel went to parties with Mr. Swinton, because there was no one else to go with and to please her father. This lasted through the summer, but when autumn approached and brought with it the time when Mr. Swinton must return to his studies that worthy gentleman grew more anxious that Mabel should give a definite answer to his proposal. She refused, and Mr. Swinton sought an interview with Mr. Bunnell.

“See here,” he said, “I believe that your daughter has been trifling with me. She intends to put me off now and when I am gone to college she will marry that fellow Hammond.”

“Mr. Swinton, my daughter has always been obedient to me, and she will marry you as I said when you first came to see me. You may rest assured.”

Next morning there was a stormy scene between the minister and his daughter, and Mabel was given a week's time to make up her mind to give her promise to Mr. Swinton.



The following Sunday morning the Rev. Mr. Bunnell preached an unusually long and uninteresting sermon. Dan, the boy that pumped while Mr. Swinton played the organ, slipped behind a friendly curtain and sat down to read one of his favorite dime novels. The preacher went on laboriously through his lengthy sermon. At first Dan could hear his voice but could not understand what was said. As the narrative grew more exciting, the voice of the preacher ceased altogether to disturb Dan, who had forgotten all about the organ and his surroundings so absorbed had he become in his story. Just as Mr. Bunnell was concluding his sermon Dan had reached the climax, where the hero with bowie-knife and repeating rifle leaped a yawning chasm, scattered a score of Indians and rescued the heroine from death at the stake. The last words of the preacher died away and the organist struck the keys for the beginning of a grand march. Imagine his surprise and dismay when the organ failed to respond with its grand burst of melody. Mr. Swinton cast an anxious look about and saw Dan, safely hidden from the view of the congregation and preacher, absorbed in his novel. The expectant worshippers heard the swish of an object flying through the air, then a dull thud and the voice of the enraged organist.

"Take that, you — — little imp, and attend to your business."

The congregation was shocked and Mr. Bunnell nearly fainted. After services were over he refused to see anyone, but went directly to his room. The dinner hour approached and there was no Mr. Bunnell to give the blessing. Finally, Mabel went to her father's study to announce dinner. She rapped softly and hearing no response noiselessly opened the door and entered. Her father stood at the window looking out and thinking unutterable things of Mr. Swinton. Just as Mabel entered the room he put his thoughts into words that sounded strange in the mouth of a minister of the Gospel. Mabel clapped her hands in delight.

"Oh, Pap, Jack's wasn't that bad and now he can come, can't he?"

Mr. Bunnell turned and faced his daughter: "This whole affair will be in the morning paper, and that fellow Swinton has disgraced me. You may send for Jack as soon as you like. Swearing is not so bad when you can express yourself no other way."

### A Pipe Story.

WALTER M. DALY, '04.

About 1832, George Catlin, an artistic painter of Philadelphia, set out on a trip through the West to study the habits of the Indians and to make paintings of them in their peculiar abodes and native costumes. He went first to St. Louis, then followed the Mississippi northward to St. Anthony's Falls, wandering from tribe to tribe, painting pictures, and gathering material for a book which he planned to write.

One of the peculiarities that he noticed among the Sioux tribe was that all the men smoked pipes carved from a soft red stone. It was so different from any stone that he had ever seen before, that he asked many questions about where it was found and how it was obtained; but then, as now, it was hard to obtain much information from a Sioux. He did learn that the stone was held sacred by the tribe and that it was found farther south. After much scheming and with a large bribe he induced one of the Indians to tell him the location of one of these quarries.

Immediately he set out in search of the place, which was easily found. He dug some of the stone which he submitted to careful analysis on his return to Philadelphia. It was found to be a clay, which had been pressed so hard that it was little softer than a stone. It had a dark red color, sometimes covered with small yellow spots.

In honor of Catlin, this stone was called Catlinite, but from its use has been always known as pipestone. The stone has been used so freely that to-day all the quarries in this country have been exhausted, except the one in Pipestone County, Minnesota. This one is small, so the United States government has taken charge of it, allowing each Indian to quarry but a certain amount each year.

During the winter the Indians carve this pipestone into many pretty ornaments. They carve the pipe as formerly, and also make horse-shoes, hatchets, knives, hammers, paper-weights and war clubs. Some of these are plain, but many are carved with flowers, bulls, or other designs. The larger pieces are covered with hunting scenes, war dances or bull fights. This work is done by hand, a knife usually being the only instrument used. The carving requires great skill and lends the principal value to pipestone ornaments. The stone is becoming scarce, however, and in a few years it will eagerly be sought by all lovers of quaint and odd ornaments.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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—The coming week promises to be an unusually busy one at Notre Dame. The first bi-monthly examinations of the year are scheduled for the 27th and 28th, and on the evening of the 29th, the annual retreat for the students will be opened by the Reverend Peter J. O'Callaghan, C. S. P., of New York City. We should use our best efforts to meet the demands of both, particularly the retreat. As in past years Notre Dame has been fortunate in securing a very capable, eloquent priest to conduct the exercises. Father O'Callaghan, like so many members of the Paulist community, has a well-earned reputation as a missionary. Moreover, he understands the different phases of student life and is no stranger to Notre Dame. We feel sure he will ably discharge the onerous duties of his undertaking. Let us cordially co-operate with him.

—Last Saturday at the Denison Hotel, Indianapolis, a meeting of the executive committee of the Indiana Oratorical Association took place. Representatives were present from Indianapolis University, Earlham College, Wabash College, DePauw University, Franklin College, Hanover College and Notre Dame University. As Mr. B. V. Kanaley, Notre Dame's regular representative, was absent, the University was represented by Mr. Thomas Lyons. This visit of our representative to Indianapolis reminds us that our contest for the Breen Gold Medal will be held Dec. 9th, a date not far distant. The winner in this contest represents Notre Dame in the Indiana Inter-

collegiate, to be held at Indianapolis the first week in February. The wise candidates have already begun their work of preparation.

—The mere repetition of sayings on citizenship that might be trite if given by a sophomore, can not be taken so lightly when made by the only living ex-president of the United States. In his recent address at Chicago, Mr. Cleveland pleaded, as a requisite of good citizenship, that men should not consider themselves aloof from party organizations simply because much in party organization has become the property of spoilsmen. Men of inflexible honesty become sincerely disgusted with the abuses of party power and then remain away from the caucus and the polls. While such men are justified in their disgust of the party machinery, they are not excused from their duty to exert a proper influence toward the correction of abuses. If our government with equal franchise to every man is to be lasting, its permanence must be subject to the exercise of that suffrage. If only political spoilsmen interest themselves in the furtherance of men and laws, what may be expected but inefficient office-holders and dangerous legislation? The lukewarm man is a negative quantity wherever you put him. The political spoilsman is not lukewarm and the men necessary to combat him can not be lukewarm. Hospitals and beautiful churches for worship are not built by the indifferent priest or the indifferent congregation. If a man believes in his religion, he wants other persons to get the same good from it that he gets. Then conversions are made, asylums for the mentally and morally infirm are built, and places of worship are beautified. The man whose only pride in the upbuilding and permanence of public institutions lies in sitting about a banquet table and indulging in generalities, is as much a malefactor as the positive political spoilsman. For his energy and activity, the latter is even more deserving of success, dishonest though it may be.

—Notre Dame was honored and delighted by a visit on Thursday from our Bishop, the Right Reverend Dr. Alerding. This was the first occasion since school opened that the students had the pleasure of welcoming him, and to show their appreciation of his coming, the University orchestra rendered choice music

in the Brownson refectory during the dinner hour, and Mr. Gallitzen Farabaugh of the senior class delivered the following address:

RIGHT REVEREND BISHOP ALERDING:—Each year the students of Notre Dame have the valued privilege of meeting most eminent and learned members of the Catholic hierarchy from every section of the United States, and even from other lands. And they are always welcome among us. For not only do we recognize in them models of Christian virtue and representatives of the Church of God, but we also feel that they sympathize with us in the great work we are here to do,—the cultivation of our minds and the formation and strengthening of our Christian characters.

To-day our pleasure is especially great; for we are afforded an opportunity of greeting one who is not only a distinguished prelate, a friend of education, a true example of the cultured, Christian gentleman, but who is our own kind pastor and bishop. Therefore, our sentiments of welcome to-day are those of dutiful children toward a loving father, of a faithful flock toward a watchful shepherd.

Right Reverend Bishop, this is not your first visit to Notre Dame. To those of us who have been here some years you are by no means a stranger. We know you through your labors which have been productive of the richest fruits. We know how the resolution you made at your consecration of doing all in your power to further the advancement of religious education has been faithfully carried out.

Nor have your efforts been directed to educational ends alone. You have ever been a champion of the masses, and the uplifting and social betterment of the workingman along safe lines have engaged your active sympathy. Following the example of Leo XIII., of saintly memory, you have stubbornly combated the advance of atheistic socialism, and have been most emphatic in advocating Christian charity as the only true solution of the social problem.

It is from contact with men like you that we learn to know, to love and to appreciate the higher things of life. You teach us that the question about which we should be most concerned is the formation of Christian manhood within us. Instead of a material ideal you urge us to cherish what is uplifting, noble, Godlike; and to lay deep the foundations of true culture, of pure morality, and of Catholic faith, upon which we may build toward Christian perfection.

For many reasons, then, we are happy and honored in having you with us to-day. As a distinguished prelate of the Church we revere you; as a sterling friend of education, a cultured gentleman, we venerate and esteem you; and as our own beloved and zealous bishop we assure you of our affection and obedience and of the genuine pleasure your visits always afford us.

We regret our inability to reproduce the bishop's response which was very appropriate and entertaining. Though many years out of college and engrossed with the cares of his sacred office he can get closer to the students' hearts than most men and takes a lively interest in their struggles and aspirations. We hope he will visit Notre Dame often before the close of the scholastic year.

### The Value of Reading

One of the most important and yet the most slighted of the essentials for a first-class education is reading. Nowadays, many of our college-men overlook the importance which is attached to the study of a good book. Too many leisure moments are squandered that might otherwise be spent with great profit over some bit of choice literature.

There is a three-fold benefit to be derived from reading. In the first place, no man can ever hope to be looked upon as cultured that is not in a great degree familiar with the thoughts and expressions of the most reputable authors. His mind has not been worked and tilled like that of the well-read man, and hence his intellectual abilities are less marked. The highest type of man is not the one that leads a life of purely personal action; neither is it the one that manages to get along with mere observation. These are equally important essentials; but there is a third which, for intellectual training, is absolutely indispensable. Our minds must be so trained that they will regulate our actions and observations. With well-cultivated minds we will act from higher motives and will strive for higher ends. Judicious reading is a great help in this direction. Of course, our literature must be chosen with great care. Novel-reading will never be of much intellectual benefit. It only serves as food for the imagination; while good, solid reading cultivates the mind and heart. From light reading one may become acquainted with the numerous happenings of every-day life; but since culture aims at quality rather than quantity of knowledge, one must dig deeper into the intellectual world.

Besides the mind-training derived from solid reading, there is another benefit which consists in the stirring up of one's imaginative powers. We need something to incite our imaginations lest they should become dull and inactive through disuse. A certain amount of personal action is, in every man's case, indispensable; but, at the same time, one must exercise his thinking powers. An animal can act, but it takes a man to think. We profit for the most part by the experience of others, and so it is that if we wish to imitate them we must become acquainted with and make their thoughts a part of ourselves by reading. We thus are made to think and then to do what seems best.

Finally, reading is of the utmost importance in that it furnishes a man with cut and dried knowledge which may be useful to him in the future. There is a certain amount of knowledge which every man that is at all anxious about his intellectual progress, must sometime in his life acquire. Scarcely anything new can be said; yet each one must strive to find out a new way of expressing the old thoughts. No man can hope for success in this art unless he reads abundantly and thereby acquires a large vocabulary.

These are some of the ways in which "reading maketh a full man," and the better read a man is, the better cultured will be his mind, the better fired his imagination and the more accurate and extensive his knowledge.

ERNEST A. DAVIS, '04.

#### Athletic Notes.

The Inter-Hall Managers met last Wednesday evening and finally settled upon a schedule for the football team as follows:

Oct. 29—St. Joe vs. Corby

Nov. 5—Sorin vs. Corby

Nov. 12—Brownson vs. St. Joe

Nov. 14—Brownson vs. Sorin

It was also agreed that all men not entitled to N. D. football monograms are eligible to play. As a result of this agreement, the strengthening which some of the teams have received promises to make the Inter-Hall contests the most exciting that have ever been held at Notre Dame.

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The DePauw team, until recently a strong aspirant for the State Championship, was literally smothered by the Varsity last Saturday on Cartier field, the representatives of the Gold and Blue piling up a score of 56 to 0. The large score made was more than a surprise to even the most ardent admirers of Notre Dame, and as a result, Varsity football stock has been soaring skyward. The brilliant work done by some of the men was a gladsome surprise; but while we love to see brilliant plays executed, we do not believe individual work is going to win for Notre Dame, nor is it going to win for any other team. Team work is what counts when it comes to the final reckoning, and in this respect we believe Notre Dame is lacking. Once in a while, we must admit, a sample of team

work was exhibited that elicited our admiration, but not often enough to satisfy us.

The interference in the game was good, but, as a rule, the man carrying persisted in choosing his own way of breaking through, and as a result several valuable opportunities were lost. This tendency, and a habit of playing offside, has cost Notre Dame over two hundred yards this season. These faults may not count for much in minor games, but in games where every inch is desperately fought for, offences of this kind should be carefully guarded against.

Last Saturday's game, however, was a vast improvement in all departments over any played heretofore this season. Greater snap and vim were shown and the plays were worked faster and with more accuracy. A noticeable feature was the fact that eleven men played all through, without any being obliged to leave on account of injuries or accidents. This speaks well for the physical condition of our men. McGlew's sensational eighty-yard run for a touchdown and his all-around clever playing. Silver's seventy-yard sprint through a crowded field for a touchdown, and Lonergan's line bucking were the chief features of the game.

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St. Joe defeated the Niles High School team at Niles last Thursday after a very exciting contest, the final score being 5 to 0.

\*\*\*

Now for Northwestern.

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Five new men earned their monograms in last Saturday's game. These men are O'Phelan, Sheehan, Beacom, McInerny, and Donovan.

\*\*\*

Manager Sartain of the DePauw team declared before the game that he expected Notre Dame to be held to twelve points.

\*\*\*

The Corbyites are to be congratulated upon the spirit they manifested in last Saturday's game. From beginning to end they rooted with a zeal that was admirable and that should shame the other hall contingents into becoming more energetic.

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Next Sunday afternoon, the great annual St. Edward's-Carroll game, the most interesting contest on the athletic calendar of these

two halls, will be played on the Minims' campus. Both teams are in condition for the game, and have been drilled and coached almost to the point of perfection. At present the odds seem to be in favor of the Carroll youngsters who have age, weight, and experience in their favor, but the clever coaching the Minims have received from H. J. McGlew is expected to offset some of these advantages.

J. P. O'R.

### Personals.

—No doubt his many friends at Notre Dame will be pleased to know that Dennis Keeley (Law '03) passed the recent examination of the Wisconsin State Bar Association and is now practising law in West Bend, his home town. We wish him continued success.

—Timothy Crimmins, Law, '02, is engaged in a law office in Wall Street, New York. In addition to his legal work he is acting secretary to the Irish Industrial League of America, an organization in which his cousin, the Hon. John D. Crimmins, is interested.

—Mr. C. D. Sherwin, the efficient postmaster of Goshen, Indiana, was a welcome visitor during the week. He called to see his nephew, Mr. D. G. Alderman of Corby Hall. Mr. Sherwin fought in the principal battles of the army of the Cumberland. He and Bro. Leander spent a pleasant hour talking of the exploits of "Uncle Billy," "Pap Thomas" and "Old Rosey."

—During the past week the Right Reverend Bishop Alerding of Fort Wayne has been busily engaged in conferring the Sacrament of Confirmation upon the various catechised classes at South Bend. Among those who were signed with the chrism of salvation were five representatives of Holy Cross Hall: Masters, William O'Shea, Leo Raab, Francis Weuninger, Joseph Donahue and Joseph Qoth.

—Visitors' registry for the week:—Miss M. Greiner, Goshen, Ind.; Mrs. W. M. Garfield, South Bend, Ind.; Joseph A. Kernan, New York; Miss Sara Baskene, Detroit, Mich.; Miss Eileen S. Butler and Mr. Bernard McHugh, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Miss Myrtle Pierce, South Bend; E. A. Colgan, Dowagiac, Mich.; Dr. L. Barclay, Boston; Mrs. A. S. Carman, Oakland, Cal.; Mrs. Alice Shelpen, Elkhart, Ind.; E. J. Finney, Goshen, Ind.; Joseph P. Braden and family and Hugh O'Donnell, Chicago; William Markle, Custer, Mich.; F. E. Genrid, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Mrs. J. V. Shahan, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Frank Conlan, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Joseph Lubbe and Miss Anna Lubbe, Quincy, Ill.; Mrs. John W. Keiler, Paducah, Kentucky; E. C. Kearney and Mrs. Kearney, Jackson, Neb.

### Mr. Kanaley's Return.

Thursday night the students of Sorin Hall gave a reception to Byron V. Kanaley upon his return to Notre Dame after a severe spell of sickness. Mr. Kanaley was taken with an attack of appendicitis at the close of the Commencement week; and an operation was performed at Fort Wayne where he had to stop on his way home. Late in the summer it was found that the first operation had not been a success and he had to undergo a second. Since then he has been rapidly improving, and his many friends were given the pleasure of greeting him on Thursday. Perhaps no one in the University is more widely known or more universally liked than Mr. Kanaley. He is President of the Senior Class, a member of the SCHOLASTIC Staff, debating team and Varsity baseball team, and Vice-President of the Inter-State Oratorical Association. His genial manner, genuine good-fellowship and sincere, open-hearted friendship have won him friends among all the students, and the demonstration on Thursday night was a most happy testimonial to him.

It was entirely informal and partook of the nature of a smoker in the Sorin Hall reading-room. Speeches, songs and music livened things up. Messrs. Hogan, Myers and Dillon, the smoker committee, kept all supplied, and the dense yellow fog in the room testified to how their efforts were appreciated.

By way of introduction, Maurice Griffin welcomed Mr. Kanaley back, and "Ken" responded in his characteristic manner. He objected that it was contrary to all parliamentary practice to bring him up as he had twice been "laid on the table;" but he acknowledged that the smoke smelt familiar inasmuch as he had twice approached so nearly the regions of perpetual smoke. By such allusion to his sickness he kept the crowd in a roar for half an hour, showing that no matter how sick he was his sense of humor was ever active.

It isn't often that the boys take occasion to express publicly their appreciation of one of their number; but when they do, they enter into the affair with the proper spirit as was evidenced Thursday evening. The smoker was the strongest proof of the great popularity of Byron Kanaley among the boys at Notre Dame.

## Local Items.

—Notice.—E. Rush lost a silver watch last Saturday on Cartier Field. Finder please return same to Brother Florian, St. Joseph's Hall.

—At the fifth annual Conference of Catholic Colleges at Philadelphia, October 28 and 29, Father Crumley will deliver an address on "Experimental Psychology in the College."

—The person who appropriated "Briefs for Debate" from the library, is requested to return same at once. By doing so he will save himself from a great deal of trouble.

—Taking books from the library without permission is being carried to such an extent lately that unless certain persons take warning and discontinue the habit radical measures will be taken to prevent it.

—It would be well if the local legislature would pass an ordinance to prohibit the riding of bicycles on the sidewalk around the Main Building. Otherwise a collision at some of the corners is very apt to occur.

—In former years to see a student running west towards the stile was sufficient to warrant the assumption that he had taken a furlough without the requisite permission. Now the same spectacle elicits this remark: "He must be trying to catch a car."

—On the door of the gym, previous to Founder's Day track meet, were posted the entries and handicaps of the contestants. One man had four inches in the high jump which an enthusiast as he read thought was the mile run. "Four inches?" he remarked disgustedly, "hully gee! that's no start at all."

—Saturday was pay-day at Notre Dame for the numerous workmen and mechanics employed about the University. Students returning from the football game on the way past the treasurer's office, noticed several men who worried little that their dinner-pail was empty since their pocketbook was not.

—To none perhaps does the chestnut season bring such delight as to the Minim. One has but to take a jaunt through St. Edward's campus to see the little tot sitting in some nook trying to crack the precious nuts with a couple of stones which sometimes seem as large as the Minim himself.

—Every student who visits the library should remember that boisterous conduct is in place only on the playground—if anywhere. The library is for the earnest student, and those who are desirous of extra recreation should have regard for others who have less time to throw away, and cease their wee small behavior.

—The fire department is greatly in need of strong, able-bodied men. Any student in the senior halls that wishes to become a member

of the department will report to the chief at Sorin Hall. In compensation for his services every member will be allowed the use of a pair of rubber boots during the year.

—There are, perhaps, quite a number of Notre Dame students who never made a visit to a farm. This of course is a defect in their education; but this defect may be remedied by making a visit to the University stock barn where the wheat is being thrashed and the corn shelled as it is done on any modern Western farm.

—Bro. Leopold is still seen at the old stand doing business on as large a scale as ever. His beaming countenance, and his quick business-like methods have long been voted essential to the University. He is getting old, however, and soon must have a successor, but all are assured that debts, no matter the length of standing, will be paid before the sagacious Brother has been placed on the retired list.

—Bibles that for some time past have been undisturbed, will in the near future have the dust shaken from them. An announcement that questions on the Book of Job will be asked in the next examination of senior English is the cause of this. It is perhaps something out of the ordinary for some, yet it is to be hoped that the examination report will show that the task has been faithfully performed.

—The apples in the orchard near the novitiate are fast being transferred to the drawers and closets of the different halls where they will be kept to satisfy the hungry students' appetite during the winter. Every student on leaving his room is seen devouring a red beauty. There is such an abundance that some of the boys have added apple-sauce and pie to the bill of fare of the afternoon pink tea.

—For a long time the University has been in need of a vegetable cellar in which to store up provisions for the winter. At last one is now building, and the prospects of its being a first-class storeroom are strengthened by the position chosen for its location. It has been begun about twenty rods west of the shops on the site of an old sand-pit. All at the University are welcoming its completion which will insure better and more abundant supplies.

—One of the professors of science who holds his recitations in the Main Building had occasion to change his room recently. The advantage of the new quarters was very apparent—there was more room, better desks, larger black-boards, and new lights. He and the class were highly elated with the change; but Tuesday afternoon the seniors held their class in oratory just under him, and now—well maybe the seniors had better recite in Cartier Field.

—In order to keep the books in the library



in any kind of a becoming condition it is necessary that each one handling a book should deal tenderly with it. Some of the books are used frequently, and, if not handled with care, in a short time will be unsightly. Do not turn down the corners of the page as a book-mark; do not open a new book and bend the pages back violently. There is a correct way for opening a new book which you should learn.

—The Sorin Hall students assembled in the reading-room last Tuesday night for the purpose of raising funds for the football team and securing a piano to enliven the hall during the winter months. Gallitzen Farra-  
baugh presided, and his work was almost errorless; the only mistake made by him was to place October before September on the calendar. Louis J. Carey, the genial musical artist, was appointed as a committee of one to receive the contributions for the football team. Mr. Carey is said to have done well.

—Those attending the games at Cartier Field need not lose a moment, for while the Varsity eleven is resting, or bringing some one back to consciousness, a Minim game may be seen outside the wire. A cap or pumpkin takes the place of the pigskin, and there is no set rule in regard to the number of players on each side. The signals are complicated; no two sets ever known to be alike. The kick-off varies from two feet to four yards, and the longest end-run on record is twenty yards, and in general the playing is studied and scientific.

—We were very glad last Saturday to see Corby Hall turn out in a body to cheer the football team on to such a decisive victory. Corby has always been the leading rooters of the University. This is the right kind of spirit, and the example set by Corby should be followed by the other halls. We will not say these yells and songs were a cause of the big score against De Pauw, but it showed the team that the students were with them and that their work was being appreciated. Encouragement is what the players need, so turn out, fellows, and give them some rousing yells at each game.

—Last Wednesday the senior parliamentary law class, under the able direction of Prof. Steele, organized in the form of a mock senate, the proceedings of which are to be governed by the same rules as are observed in the United States House of Representatives. Mr. Lonergan was elected clerk of this body and Mr. T. Hammer, Sergeant-at-Arms. Three resolutions were submitted,—on the abolishment of a protective tariff, the election of United States senators by popular vote, and the establishment of a ship subsidy. These are to be discussed at the next session of the senate, November 18.

—Work has been started on the extension of the private railroad within the college grounds. The tracks are to extend from those of the Notre Dame branch of the Michigan Central at the new station, past the steam-house, new bakery, machine shop, refrigerator rooms, printing-office, store-house, to the express office, in the rear of the Main Building. This improvement is intended to do away with considerable cartage and to facilitate the handling of supplies. The rails are too light for general use, and specially constructed, narrow gage cars are to be used. The motive power is to be electricity, and as the dynamos at the steam-house are already overtaxed by the church and Corby Hall circuits, a newly-invented storage motor will be used.

—Wanted:—The author of the following lines. Liberal reward for the captor.

J. McWeeney, Chief of Police.

There once a man from Marquette  
Who ate a cigar on a bet.  
A little rice paper,  
Tobacco and taper;  
And then they all saw a cigar-ette.

He then went across to Lapier,  
Where he drank only wine that was dear,  
But the speed of the sport  
Drove him 'way from his port,  
And his final resort was a bier.

—The Sophomores, English and Classic, have now organized their football team and are prepared to play any class at any time. The team is light, but we have the assurance of Tommy Hammer, coach, captain and general utility man, that they will give any class team a close game. The members of the class are all from New York, and average only 110 pounds, just Tommy's weight. Tommy is the star of the team and is expected to make all the gains on the field, in fact, it may be called a one-man team as the rest of the class are extremely new at the game. All letters should be addressed to Sorin Hall and the preference of dates will be given to those that first apply.

—Last Thursday St. Joe Specials played a game at Niles against the Niles High School. In the first half St. Joe made a touchdown but failed to place a goal. When time was called the ball was in the Niles field. No points were scored during the second half, but the plucky High School boys kept the ball in the Specials' field, and there is little doubt that they would have scored if they had had a little more time. O'Flynn of the Specials played a splendid game and McDermott distinguished himself in his flying tackles. O'Shea, Perce, and Bagby played excellent ball. The principal features of the Niles team were the fast work and effective line-bucking by Strange, Elsacer and Boyle, and Fowler's work at centre.

—The stone post that stood at the intersection of the walks in front of the Main Building was quaintly demolished one evening last week by old Prince and his cart. Prince used to be a race horse years ago, and when he heard the old familiar word, 'go' the other evening, he started to run, unmindful of his heavy cart and contents. When rounding the curve in front of the Main Building he evidently mistook the stone pillar for a quarter post, and in his desire to get inside the track, brought his heavy sulky against the post with such force that the post was broken a few inches above its base. But this did not even jar the courage of Prince, and he finished at the barn several hundred yards ahead of his pursuers.

—During the past week the students have been favored with the presence of two well-known visitors, Mike Daly, and Duffy, the book agent. Mike, as near as we can learn, had considerable trouble with his schooling. He was educated for the bar, but it was found that he was too thirsty. He developed a fondness for fresh air and sunshine, and arrived at the University some six years ago when the Brownson Hall campus was being levelled. He was appointed yard-master and has filled that position with credit during the past six years. He is also noted for his Christmas-tree entertainment. Mr. Duffy is of hastier growth. He first came into prominence through his ability to out talk Yocky. Little is known of his previous history, but this is enough to cause his name to be written among the immortals.

—An extension is being built to the Notre Dame Lake Ice Company's houses at St. Joseph Lake. These houses were erected two years ago when Messrs. Hering and Murphy took charge of the business. The energetic work of these young men resulted in storing a supply of ice which tested the capacity of the houses to the limit. A switch was extended from the Notre Dame branch of the Michigan Central, and all the ice was sent out by rail. The scarcity of ice during the warm weather of July and August gave the firm an opportunity to dispose of their supply at a very satisfactory profit, and, because of the amount they had on hand, gave them an option on the business of the city. This being the case, an extension in the house-capacity was planned for next year. The new section is to be as large as one of the three sections that now make up the houses. The firm will depend almost entirely on the St. Joseph Lake ice for its supply next summer.

—The sophomore engineering class spent an afternoon examining the power-house at Mishawaka during the week. On their arrival the visitors were warmly received by the genial manager and general superintendent, Mr. Lang, who placed them in care of Mr. Andrews

to whom the class is very grateful for all the information he so kindly gave them. The power-house is built of concrete which covers steel-eye beams connected by heavy iron bars. All modern electrical apparatus is used in the power-house. Fire turbines, each 300 horse-power, are directly connected to a 1000 kilowatt revolving field, three phase, 60 cycle alternator. There are six of these sets of turbines and generators, making the capacity of the plant 10,000 horse-power. The pressure at terminals of the generator is 13,500 volts, so that no stop-up transformers are required. The switch boards require special devices to handle the current at this high pressure. There are electrically operated oil-break switches installed on each floor, all operated from the switch-board on the first floor. The power distribution lines to Elkhart and South Bend start out from the top floor of the power-house. South Bend, Elkhart, Notre Dame, and several neighboring towns, will be supplied with power from the new plant. The sophomores wish to thank Prof. Green for the opportunity of making this interesting trip.

—When the Mosley educational committee shall have viewed the system of the University; when they shall have satiated their scrutiny on the curios of freakish formation in Science Hall, and turned from the Darwinian specimen that grins from the wall, and are prepared to depart, we'll parade for their inspection those most wonderful monsters of freakdom, the cherished curiosities of the University who scribble their names on walls, pictures and other public places about the grounds. The pest was bad enough last year, but, like a bad egg, they grow worse with time, until to-day the tribe is abnormally developed. Yes, and practice has its advantages, if you take the vandal's view-point. It places the writer's badly written name in a sort of publicity; and the perpetrators are always such as can't gain notoriety in any other way. If we had neither the intellectuality of a bed-bug nor the stamina of a canker-worm we'd do the same thing to put ourselves before the public. We don't blame the name that desecrates the walls of not only every room of the University but the church as well; it's the bearer is to be pitied. As a rule, he can't "shine" in his classes and is too lazy to acquire fame on the athletic field; *ergo*, one place is as good as another to him because his brain-pan doesn't hold enough matter to enable him to distinguish between the sacredness of the church, the value of pictures about the walls and the obscurity of a back fence. Look up the next name you come across and see if its bearer doesn't verify the old saw:

Fools' names and fools' faces  
Are always found in public places.